



TOO MUCH ON IT.
Uncle Sam's Christmas Crash.



Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.
295-299 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1816. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1911.
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday, - \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Cartoons and Comments

RECOGNIZING A PRINCIPLE.

JUDGE GARY of the Steel Trust has been a model of urbanity on the Washington witness-stand, if one may judge by newspaper reports of the proceedings of the Stanley Committee. He has been frank, affable, and obliging. He has answered questions with the apparent purpose of shedding light. All sorts of remedies have been proposed for Trust evils, and the views of a practical man like Judge GARY are of large value in separating the wheat from the chaff. For example, it is important to note that one so near the top of the Steel Trust as Judge GARY should approve of the Iowa law which prohibits the sale of commodities in one section lower than in another section. It is important especially to tariff reformers because of the fact that all tariff-fed Trusts sell more cheaply in one section—Europe—than they do in another section—the United States, and tariff reformers have been trying for a long time to convince a majority of voters that this is not fair to the home consumer, who permits himself to be taxed through the Custom House for monopoly's benefit. If Judge GARY approves of a law which prohibits such a practice in Iowa, doubtless he must be alive to the injustice of it when the Steel Trust quotes prices abroad, in England or India or China, lower than Americans at home have to pay for the same goods.

ROOSEVELT will not run.

ROOSEVELT is the only Republican who has a chance to win. That is the situation, as more and more Republicans see it. There is talk of nominating him by acclamation, and if that happens the Colonel would find it difficult to refuse. He might be obliged to consider it as "a call," in the pulpit sense, and to accept "after deep and prayerful meditation."

IF INTERNATIONAL politics compels the removal of Mr.

SHUSTER from Persia, we trust that the United States will order him home. In fact, a glance at Mr. SHUSTER's achievements in Teheran, since he assumed the post of Treasurer-General, will prompt the query: Why was he ever allowed to get away? A man who can transform a deficit of \$500,000 into a group of assets amounting to \$800,000, incidentally paying all debts and meeting all obligations of the Persian Government, would be a useful person to have around the United

States. Mr. SHUSTER's one fault seems to be that he labors too faithfully in the interests of those who employ him, and because Persia is weak that fault may be his undoing. In case it does, numerous opportunities should await him in America, and we propose to the gloomy and pessimistic taxpayers hereabouts that Mr. SHUSTER be offered the job of Treasurer-General of New York. Because Russia could drive him from Teheran must it follow that Tammany could oust him from Manhattan Island?



TOO MUCH GAS.



SIMPLY IRRESISTIBLE.

BEAU TEDDY.—I could cut him out in about two seconds, don't you know! By George, shall I do it?

THE VIEWS of the President and the Colonel on the subject of arbitration seem to be woefully dissimilar. The President thinks there is nothing like arbitration for the settlement of international spats. The Colonel deems arbitration of value only up to a certain point. Then—bang! If the Spanish War had been forestalled by arbitration, there would have been no Rough Riders, no San Juan Hill, no nomination for Governor of New York, no—but why continue? War is not always hell.

ALL ABOUT ME IN MY DAILY PAPERS NEW YORK, BOSTON, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO.

EXTRA!
HEARST IS A GREAT MAN.
MIKE DINGBAT
EX-MEMBER OF STATE-LEGISLATURE.

HEARST IS AS GREAT AS NAPOLEON.
WM WOOLZY
DOG CATCHER OF MUNCIE, IND.

EXTRA!
HEARST PAYS HIGH SALARIES
MAN'S EDITOR WHIZZBRAIN
P.S. I GET SEVEN BUSHELS OF MONEY EVERY MONTH.

HEARST IS A FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE
HE GAVE ME 25 CTS. FOR BLACKING HIS BOOTS.
AFFIDAVIT SWORN TO BEFORE NOTARY PUBLIC
TONY THE BOOTBLACK



EXTRA!
HEARST IS A WONDERFUL MAN!

HEARST SUPPORTS ITALY.
ITALIAN NATION MAY GIVE HIM A LOVING-CUP

EXTRA
CHINESE REVOLUTION!
BOTH THE EMPEROR AND ALL INTELLIGENT RADICALS WAIT FOR HEARST'S ADVICE

MAGNA CHARTA
BILL OF RIGHTS
MONROE DOCTRINE
INITIATIVE, REFERENDUM
RECALL AND INCOME TAX
ORIGINATED BY
MR HEARST

HEARST KILLED THE ICE-TRUST THE BEEF-TRUST THE CHEWING-GUM TRUST AND 57 OTHERS
(FUNERAL POSTPONED)

"PERSONAL JOURNALISM."
AND A NUMBER OF DELUDED MORTALS SWALLOW IT.

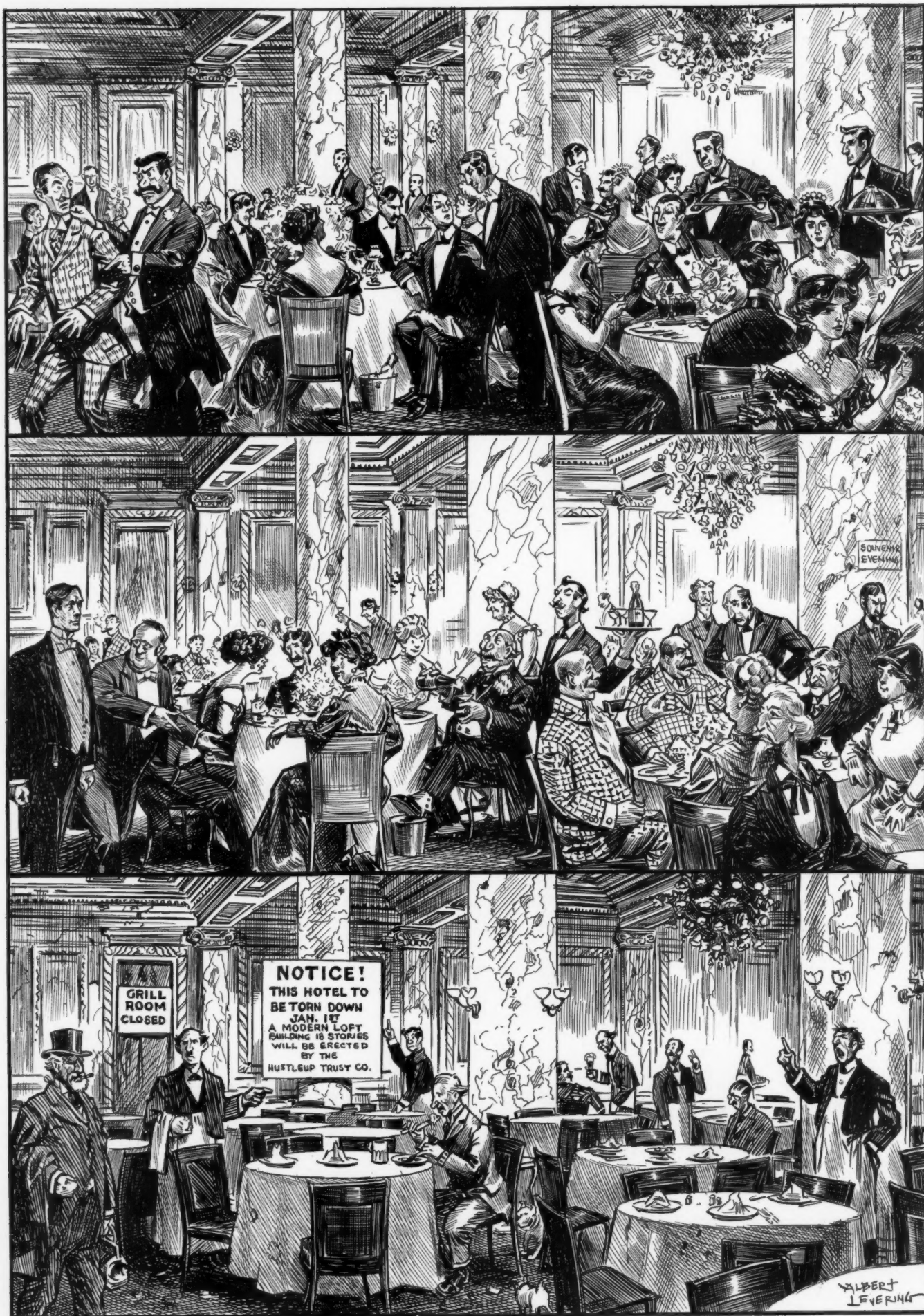
A KINDLY SCRIBE.
THE editor of the *Weekly Plaindealer* is a charitable sort of feller," commented honest Farmer Hornbeak, in the midst of his perusal of the village newspaper, wherein he had encountered an example of the linotype's peculiar perversities. "In his article on the death of Lufe Dabsack who, betwixt me and you, had n't much to recommend him except that he was n't quite as bad sometimes as he was others, he says that 'the deceased was generally regarded as hijjdyt89* hdkkkisockknnwUyjjagaggy bengzt.'
"And I guess that's about as near as anybody could get to making an estimate of the departed without hurting his relatives' feelings."

CAUTIOUS.
THE LIBERAL ONE.—Charity begins at home.
THE TIGHT ONE.—Yes, but there's no telling where it may end.
POST-XMAS.
TOMMY.—The folks put one over me at last. I got a new baby brother for Christmas, and it's the only present that I did n't know where it was hidden around the house.
KIND.
VISITOR.—Are your children doing anything for you in this your last illness?
OLD MAN.—Yes; they're keeping up my life-insurance.

USUALLY.
CUSTOMER.—Then your fire-proof construction work is far superior to that of your competitors?
CONTRACTOR.—Yes, indeed. Take any big fire of the last ten years, and you'll find that our fire-proof buildings stood from five to ten minutes longer than our nearest competitor's before collapsing.
STRANGE.
MRS. HIGHUPP.—How was the Charity Ball?
MRS. BLASÉ.—All right, but it's a wonder they made anything when you consider the small amount they spent on it. Their expenses were actually less than their receipts.

Where a man is n't half bad, look for the woman still—most likely his better half deserves the credit.

THE LIFE OF A NEW YORK HOTEL.



FIRST STAGE.—The Era of Magnificence; anyone not in evening dress is bounced by the House Detective.

SECOND STAGE.—The Easy-Going Era; anything goes in the way of clothes; no questions asked.

THIRD STAGE.—The Era of Dilapidation; one degree higher than a hash-house.



LEAST RESISTANCE.

MAMIE.—If yer can't git across, Patsy, try an' run in front of a little one!

A BALLROOM TRAGEDY.

HER features with great agitation were white,
As I plainly could see from a distance;
So I stepped to her side and, in manner polite,
I proffered my willing assistance.

"O no," was her answer, "there's naught you can do,
My trouble no other can share it!
I'll have to sit here till the function is through—
I'll just have to sit here and bear it."

"But come," I began. "A short stroll in the air—
The veranda is breezy and shaded—"
"O no," she replied, "I really don't dare—
That is, I'll be better unaided."

"Pray let me, then, summon your friends or a maid,
My interest do not disparage;
I don't like to intrude, but I'm really afraid
That I ought to, at least, call your carriage."

"Do trust me a little; your trouble confide;
Your looks some deep anguish betoken."
"Well, then, if you *must* know," she angrily cried,
"The fact is, my garter is broken!"

Waller G. Doty.

HER CIVIC DUTY.



VOTE? Of course I'm going to vote, William. I'm going to vote at the next election as soon as I find out when it is. Next week? I shall vote next week. Who for? Why—er—what kind of an election is it? These suffrage meetings have kept me so busy I have n't had time to learn anything. Electing the mayor? Then of course I shall vote for the mayor. Which? Why, William Smith! A city never has two mayors, you ought to know that! O, you mean which candidate. Why, let me see—what do they look like? Are those their pictures in the paper? Herbert Jones. I wonder if that is n't the one that used to go to school with May Perry's brother years and years ago? May used to talk about him all the time. Now you see, William, we women do know something about public men after all. I think I shall vote for Herbert, it will seem more homelike, somehow. O, never mind about the other one—I've decided on him.

"Treasurer, too? Why, a city has almost as many officers as a baby's hospital, has n't it? Who's running for secretary? And who are all these? Supervisors? Gracious! How can anyone be expected to know about all those men? Which of them are you going to vote for, William dear? By the way, what day is the election? Dear me! I don't see how I'm going to manage it that day, for I have a luncheon and a reading and an appointment at the tailor's; but we're going to the theatre in the evening so we can stop and vote on our way. Too late? Why, a day isn't supposed to be over until midnight, is it? Sunset? O, bother! What can I do? I *must* vote after taking all that interest in

suffrage. What? I can't vote anyway, because I have n't registered, and it's too late to do it now? O, William, why did n't you tell me before? I am so relieved! I want to do my civic duty, but if I can't, I can't—can I?"
E. Alice Ward.

THE DIZZY METROPOLIS.

IT used to be a stimulating diversion to the congregations of rural churches, when weary of the contemplation of local sinfulness, to effect what the courts call a "change of venue," and pray for New York City. There were not necessarily any new charges to be brought against the metropolis. New York was wicked because it was New York, or even just because. It has been remarked, less politely than untruly, that the Great City would have a far better chance at salvation if the rural population would only keep away.

At the recent Clerical Conference in New York only thirty clergymen, out of several hundred who were expected, attended. This means one of two things: Either New York has been given up as a bad job, and no further hope can be entertained, or it has improved to such a degree that other cities need the good work more. How cheering it is to ponder the latter conclusion!

There is a growing realization that the average New Yorker is a creature of almost ascetic and claustral habits. He has about as much time for sin as a fox turned loose by the Meadowbrook Club; no more. A hilarious evening at the cinematograph, a glance at the inspiring evening papers, where the day's crime is told in pictures, five minutes' gazing rapturously down a manhole where a city employee is turning off the water: consider these humble and venial sins, and you have said the worst. He likes to have people believe that he is a devil of a fellow. Don't you believe him; it is his little vanity. "Seeing New York," a phrase which connotes anything from kittenish conduct to wild abandon, is something unknown except to those who come in from the country to find out how bad other people are. It is only when New Yorkers die that they go to New York.



PUCK'S GARGOYLES.

II.—SOMETHING NEAT AND APPROPRIATE FOR NO. 26 BROADWAY.

A man may not think that he is perfect, but he always believes that there are lots worse than he.

SUCCESS.

Success achieved by any man
Is like a pie—
The home-made kind is better than
The kind you buy!

WHY DO CENTURY PLANTS?

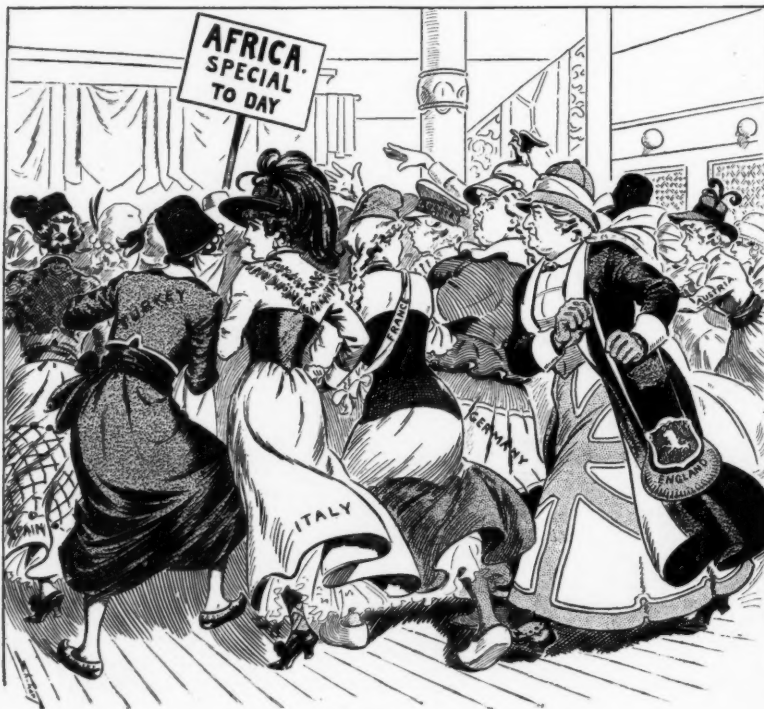
SOMEbody has figured out that there are about eight thousand men and women in the United States who are quite, or pretty near, or over, one hundred years old. On the theory that these centenarians ought to be able to impart their secret of longevity, a "School of Self-Preservation" has been opened in Chicago, and those of long life will constitute a professional faculty, to tell the how and why of their remaining so much on earth.



Those persons who have sometime come into personal contact with a man or a woman one hundred years old, and still want to live to that advanced age, ought to get some valuable pointers out of this new correspondence course. Naturally, the centenarians will differ a little in their versions of the science. A good many of them will credit their years to the beneficent nutritive qualities of dark-plug chewing-tobacco; others will hand a large measure of credit to the medical attendance of Dr. J. Barleycorn, that well-known and popular practitioner; while still others can but offer the cheerful testimony that they "did as they darn pleased."

Why do some people live so long, anyway? This is not so much a complaint as an expression of surprise. Goodness? Moral worth? No. Yonder lies Archibald, that youthful prodigy of virtue. Everyone felt sure that nothing could prevent Archie from going on and on up the road of perfection. And then, just as Archie was graduating with honors from the Sunday-school class—ding! The bell was rung! . . . Yet old Job Dinglebank, who has buried three wives, curses like a pirate, pickles himself in drug-store spirits, and boasts that the only thing he ever had to do with the Church was to throw a brick through a stained-glass window once—old Job is still with us at the age of ninety-eight. Why?

THE suppression of unnecessary noises is very difficult in a democracy, where any sort of a noise may aspire to political office.



THE BARGAIN-COUNTER.



METHOD.

MRS. HOKUS.—Why do you aggravate your husband so?
MRS. POKUS.—O, I always get him good and mad before I ask him to beat the rugs!

DIVINITY AND HUMANITY.

THE first sight of Sheba's queen threw King Solomon into raptures. "Divine!" he murmured.

But before he committed himself definitely he caused his secret-service men to do some investigating.

"Look," directed his majesty, "at the queen's throne—not her best throne, but the throne she uses every day. Especially the nooks and crannies—let no nook nor cranny escape you."

The secret-service men did even as they were bidden, and came back to the king.

"Under the arm of the throne, this!" they succinctly reported, holding up a wad of gum. Solomon's face fell.

"Human!" he sighed.

AS TO STATURE.

THEY saw a rich man pass, and they saw, too, how the world bowed down to him as if he were somebody great.

"Can a man, by taking thought, add a cubit to his stature?" demanded, with a fiercely resentful air, the Cynic.

The Optimist thought a moment. "Probably not," he made answer, at length. "But there are so many other things he can take, you know!"

THOSE BIRD-MEN.

COUNTRY COUSIN.—Blamed if this ain't the fust time I ever saw fireflies when they was snow on the ground.

CITY RELATIVE.—Those are not fireflies. They are cigarette butts falling from the aéroplanes.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

SHE.—I can't cook, but we could hire somebody to do that.

HE.—And I can't make money, but we could hire somebody to do that.



IMMORTALIZED.

BROWN.—That's the cuckoo from a clock I used to have. I have the highest respect and admiration for it, because it is the only thing that ever dared to butt in while my wife was talking!

Social unrest is where the under dog gets to be too numerous to be always consistently an Optimist.

The Winter Garden Show.



GABY DESLYS



HARRY PILCER DOES 'THE GABY GLIDE'



FRANK TINNEY



VAN RENSSELAER WHEELER AND JOSE COLLINS



STELLA MAYHEW

NEW YORK likes to be taken unawares. An over-advertised star has to face a "You've got to show me" attitude on the part of the critics that is no easy matter to down. If Gaby Deslys had come over minus the press-agenting that preceded her there's no doubt but what she would have made quite a success in a small way. She may not be the whole plot, lines, and lyrics as a musical-comedy star, but she is a lot better than they give her credit for. If Gaby is "a very mediocre music-hall artiste," as one critic put it, just where do Eva Tanguay and Valeska Suratt come in? Really, Manuel was n't such a bad judge after all. So much for Gaby. "Vera Violetta" is a musical *revue* in two scenes, so named because somebody's wife, who gets mixed up with someone else's husband, uses perfume of that name. Very subtle! It may have been quite funny in the German. The piece does n't really get a good start till Stella Mayhew and Al Jolson get to work in the second scene. Stella Mayhew has pretty poor stuff to work with, but she gets there all the same. Her scene with Clarence Harvey plus a bottle of stage champagne is immense. A little more of Stella Mayhew and less of Melville Ellis at the piano would be an improvement. Al Jolson puts over "Rum-Tum-Tiddle" in great style, singing a part of the song from the auditorium. It is the only real song-hit of the show, although Gaby's "I've Heard that Before" and a "Glide" near the finale draw several encores on account of the staging.

José Collins, daughter of Lottie Collins, who won fame with "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-Ay," plays the lady with the perfume and does very well. Harry Pilcer, a dancer from vaudeville, is all right till it suddenly dawns on you that he is not meant to strike you funny, and then — good night! The real hit of the Winter Garden show is Frank Tinney. His act comes 'way at the tag-end of the bill — not a bad spot to put him either, for he sends you away from the theatre in such a pleasant frame of mind that you're willing to forget a lot of stupid moments earlier in the evening. Any attempt to describe him is hopeless. Tinney sounds as funny as Tom Dingel — who was one of the hits in the Friars' Frolic last spring. Annette Kellerman has a novel setting for her tank act. In addition to her diving, Miss Kellerman does some very good toe dancing and pantomime work. She makes her entrance in a union suit and a bandana headdress. Just why Annette stopped at the union suit is hard to determine. She might just as well have gone the limit, and no one back of the first three rows would have been the wiser. The ballet in "Undine" shows the need of a good stage-manager. The Winter Garden ought to be successful. With the "Folies Bergere" out of the game, it is the only show of its kind in town. The idea of Continental *variété* is a good one, but it's got to be done mighty well to succeed as a two-dollar show, at any rate in little old New York.

W. E. Hill.

Saint George

ANCIENTLY there lived a certain man by the name of George, who was much pestered by a dragon.

The dragon's colors were never twice alike, and by that the creature got on George's nerves in a particular manner.

At length George fell to thinking, and the very next



and the Dragon.

time he was asked what he would have he replied:

"Never again!"

Moreover, he stuck to it.

"Saint George!" sniffed his boon companions, ironically.

But posterity spoke of him without irony, remembering only that he had, by the exercise of a superb courage, slain the dragon.



SMAN
FOR
MONEY

ORATOR
AND
POLITICIAN.
WILL SELL MYSELF TO
THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

EDITORIAL WRITER.
VIEWS THAT I DON'T
BELIEVE IN
FOR SALE.



THE PUCK PRESS

FOR SALE.

Which is the Greater Evil — the Woman of the Street



FOR SALE.

— the Women of the Streets or These Mental Prostitutes?

Putting Him Aert.



UP



DOWN.



UP.

MISTER BURNS.

(With the usual apologies, of course.)

YOU may talk about your Pinks
And them other sleuthing ginks;
You may talk about your Conan
Doyle creations,
Such as Sherlock Holmes and such,
Which are touted pretty much
As detectives of the highest reputations.
But you take it straight from those
That has bumped the game and knows
Every way the sleuthing business twists and turns,
That the wisest of the lot
And the real old What-is-What
Is that nifty peacherino, Mister Burns!

O, it's "Burns, Burns, Burns!"
You bet he's worth the wages that he earns.
You kin dress yourself for jail
Once he follows on your trail,
For you never gets away from Mister Burns!

O, he does n't seem to care
If you're yegg or millionaire,
If you've blowed a safe or stole a timber claim;
Though you think you're outa sight
Once he's after you—"Good-night!"
And you might as well lay down an' quit the game
For he surely knows his trade,
And he ain't a bit afraid,
And he does n't cough up everything he learns;
But he always has the dope,
And there is n't any hope,
You might just as well "come through" for Mister Burns!

Yes, it's "Burns, Burns, Burns!"
Here's a guy is spending four times what he earns,—
Here's a dynamitin' crew,
An' a city grafter, too,—
You simply go an' get 'em, Mister Burns!

Now, the ordinary sleuth
Is a dub—an' that's the truth—
Or a grafter that 'most everybody spurns;
But I got this much to say:
He is square, is William J.,
An' there's brains beneath the 'hat of Mister Burns!

It is "Burns, Burns, Burns!"
What he goes to get he brings when he returns;
You can't frighten, fool, or buy him,
An' it ain't no use to fly him,
You just gotta hand the prize to Mister Burns!

Berton Braley.



DOWN!!!

TWO WAYS.

AN OPTIMIST, out of the sunniness of his nature, on Christmas gave to his many friends costly hothouse flowers, books of poems bound in ooze, tasteful silver souvenirs, and many other useless but costly non-essentials, holding that at the glad holiday time we should avoid gross utilitarianism, and give only those things which lift the soul of the recipient from thoughts of everyday life. And in their hearts the persons whom he had striven to make better cursed him roundly.

A pessimist who had no friends presented a bachelor acquaintance with a bag containing five thousand assorted collar-buttons; to another acquaintance he gave a fountain-pen that would not clog; to a third a carefully-compiled book of new and comprehensive oaths admirably adapted for the use of motorists when their cars become afflicted with the obstinacy that seems inherent in inanimate objects; and to a poor dishonest colored man a pair of white shoes.

And they all arose in one voice and called him blessed, with the single exception of the distinguished gentleman from Senegambia, who politely called him "Colonel."



A FEW YEARS HENCE:
THE LAST HORSE ON FIFTH AVENUE.

IN MAKING money a man makes enemies, but few let this deter them from making all they can.

There is one admirable feature about a barb-wire fence: You can't paint an advertisement on it.

PUCK

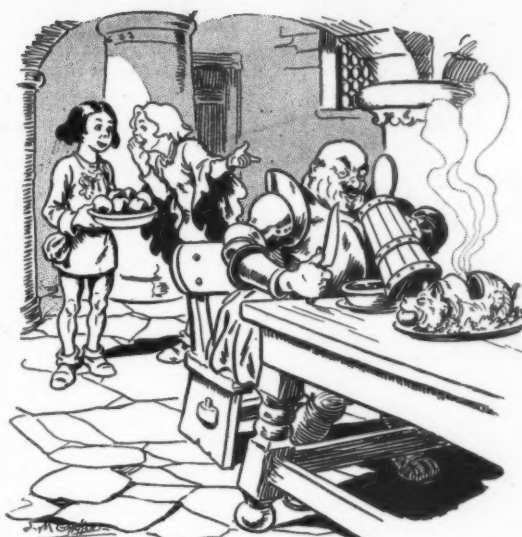
INFORMATION HELD BACK.

THOSE who have pinned their faith on the mystic powers of Yogi, as well as those who have found other means of becoming or remaining poor, will be interested to learn that the Yogi business has received a severe set-back at the hands of an unimaginative and faithless New York jury. As a result of inability to read their own horoscopes correctly, two deputy high-priests of the famous Indian clairvoyant order will spend a year or two in prayerful contemplation at New York's largest and most select boarding-establishment. By looking into the magic crystal from time to time, it will be easy for them to compute the commutation to which they are entitled for good behavior.

During the trial of these great Yogis, — whose mundane names, the elect will be glad to know, are Bill and Edmund Ellis, — a Jersey City woman testified that she had called upon them for spiritual guidance in a real-estate transaction. After examining her palm, Samri Bill announced that she was destined to be rich. Then, having communicated with the Chief Yogi in India, he said: "The property you invested in is hoodooed. I saw a row of hoodoos sitting in a circle in India, and by this I know the place is hoodooed. You should invest in Blue Ridge mining stock." The woman paid five hundred dollars for two thousand shares of said astral property, which has the advantage over most stocks in that its value does not fluctuate in the market.

But the row of hoodoos, sitting in a circle in India, were holding back valuable information on Samri Bill. If his vision had been just a leetle more clairvoyant he would have seen that their fingers were crossed against his thriving little business. They should have flashed Samri a timely warning against the earthly power of about one dozen so-called good men and true, who handed the Yogi occupation a gleeful haw-haw, and gave the high-sign without leaving their seats.

Freeman Tilden.



IN DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

"What hath made Sir Rupert so bald, thinkest thou?"

"Pulling his shirt-of-mail on and off over his head, I wot!"

DEFERRED WILD OATS.

THE boy he never did a thing
Which was n't strictly lawful,
But the man that boy was father of—
Well, he was simply awful!

PLANTING A PLANT.

CUB REPORTER (*excitedly*). — Just picked up a big story about an actress being kidnapped half-an-hour ago—shall I cover it?
CITY EDITOR. — Sure—six feet deep!

THE FACE IN THE CAR.

HE stood on the platform of the crowded trolley-car. Through the glass doors and a long line of humanity he saw her face. It was just visible over the shoulder of a stevedore and under the broad black hat of a German frau. He felt vaguely that he had seen her before.

It was a rarely attractive face, with a sad sweetness about it that went through his fiery heart. He had seen more beautiful women, but there was something winning in the direct, frank, but impersonal manner in which she returned his admiring, interested gaze. He hoped that she did not think him rude in staring. For a moment he looked away, then looked hastily back again, fearing to lose her eyes. Was she laughing at him? Was she flirting with him? He was sure that there was at least a hint of amusement in her faint smile.

The conviction that he had seen her, had met her, became stronger. She was merely waiting for him to remember who she was. She read his thoughts. Heavens! Who was she? How could he have met such a girl and forgotten her name?

On an impulse, he winked. Immediately he was confused with shame. Her glance had changed to one of reproof, of pained surprise, even of scorn.

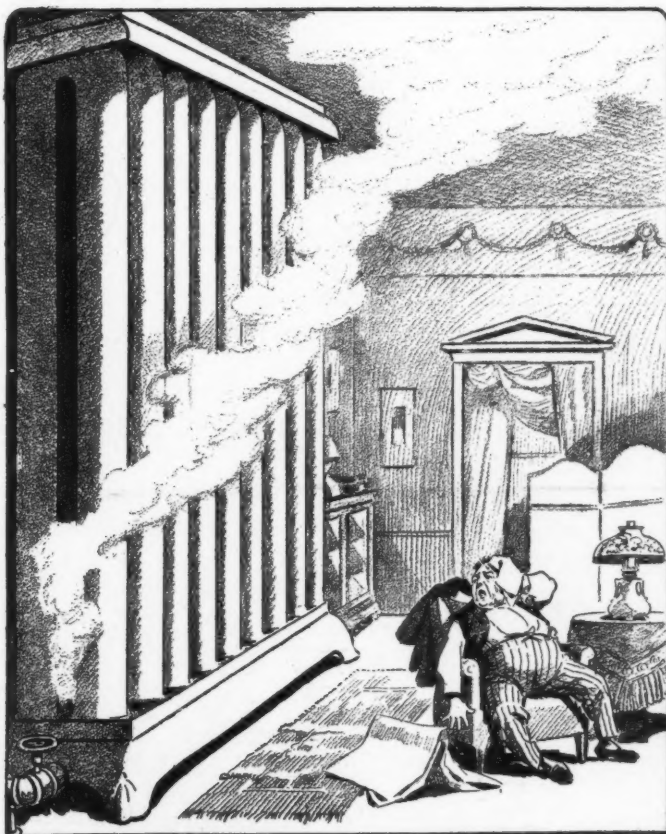
The car had carried him beyond his destination and out into the suburbs. Still he stood and looked at the girl. Suddenly he realized that the crowd of standees had thinned out till a scant dozen were left. He could now easily reach her.

He mustered his courage up to the point of throwing open the door and striding down the aisle. She did not flee. Her smile was now welcoming. But where was the rest of her?

She was only a face—the artist had n't drawn any more. Above her wavy hair and dancing eyes were the words: "She Uses Circassian Talcum Powder."

Ernest Douglas.

The Steam Radiator.



AS IT SEEMS TO THE WARM-BLOODED MAN.



AS THE COLD-BLOODED MORTAL REGARDS IT.



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NEW YORK
CENTRAL
LINES

NEW YORK
CENTRAL
LINES

WHAT ABOUT THE HIRED MAN?

They talk about the servant-girl, suggesting this and that
To make her life more happy in the mansion or the flat;
They say to teach her music and to cultivate her mind,
And never, never speak to her in tones that are unkind.

But—

What about the hired man—
Hired man—tired man—
Frequently the fired man—
What about his life?
Nobody ever sighs for him,
And books nobody buys for him,
Or intimates that pies for him
Should never know a knife.

The ladies read their papers at the Helpful Household clubs
And talk about the hardships of the maid who hakes and scrubs;
They advocate a fashion-plate upon the kitchen wall.
And higher aspirations they propose for one and all.

But—

What about the hired man—
Hired man—tired man—
Soon or late the fired man—
What about his lot?
Nobody ever thinks of him
Or sends out fancy drinks for him
Or talks of fashion's kinks for him
Or gives to him a thought.

They write to all the papers on the servant question now,
And women of authority, with high and bulging brow,
Get up and make orations on the way to help the cook
And tell how like a parlor every kitchen ought to look.

But—

What about the hired man—
Hired man—tired man—
After while the fired man—
Who's concerned for him?
He'll have to keep his hustle on
And toil and tug and rustle on
And heave and pull and tussle on
Or else his chance is slim.

—Chicago Evening Post.

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"MOTHER, I'm going to give a chafing-dish party."

"Very well. I'll prepare some sandwiches. You'll all be hungry after you get through trying to cook."
—Courier Journal.

ITALY is seated on the Ottoman.—
Boston Transcript.



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WING to the many requests for the original drawings of pictures that have appeared in PUCK, the Publishers have decided to place them all on sale.

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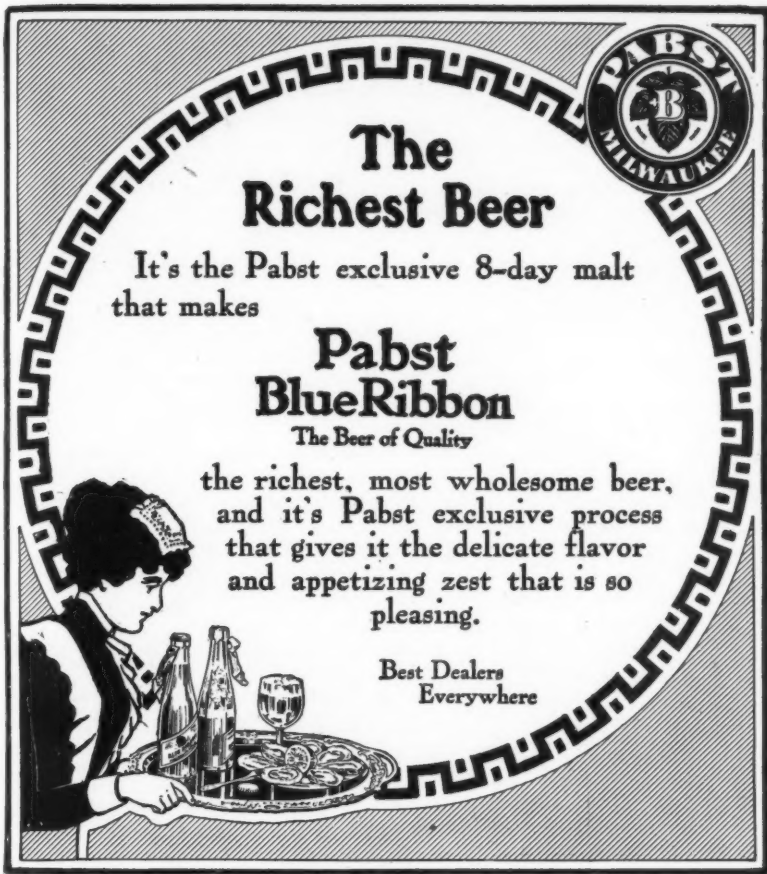
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A CAT may look at a king, but it takes nerve for "two kings" to look at the "kitty."—*Princeton Tiger*.



AFTER BIG GAME.

"A penny mousetrap, please, and hurry up. I want to catch a train with it!"

—*The Tatler*.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

THE WIDOW'S MIGHT.

"I hear you are engaged to marry the lovely widow, Mrs. Squx."

"It's true."

"Let me congratulate you. Why, I had n't any idea you were thinking of matrimony."

"Neither had I."—*Plain Dealer*.

"My future mother-in-law is really a bit too careful. So that my fiancée shall know what to buy after we are married, she takes us both with her to the market every morning."

"Well, but what use are you?"

"O, I pay."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

GRITTY PIKES.—It's a heartless world, pard. Think what a woman done when I asked her to give me something to keep body and soul together!

MUDDY LANES.—Can't imagine.

GRITTY PIKES.—She gimme a safety-pin!—*Chicago News*.

MR. E. N. QUIRE.—What are those women mauling that man for?

MRS. HENBALLOT.—He insulted us by saying that the suffrage movement destroyed our naturally timid sweetness and robbed us of all our gentleness.—*The Sun*.

CUSTOMER.—What have you in the shape of oranges?

GROCER.—Well, we have baseballs.—*Human Life*.

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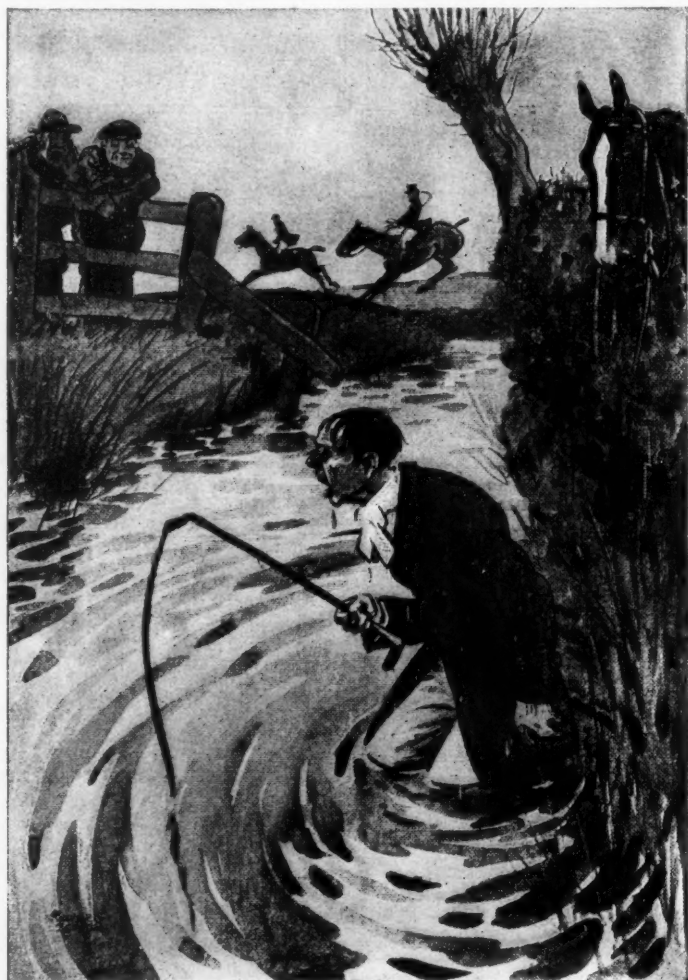
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RUDE YOKEL.—Had a bite yet, mister?—*London Opinion.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that
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getting the very best.
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FOR A PARCELS POST.

If you are in favor of a Parcels Post, cut out, fill out, and sign this little
blank, and forward to the address:

Date.....

The Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, U. S. House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:

Our interests demand the immediate enactment into law of the Postal Progress League
Parcels Post Bill, H. R. 14, introduced by Hon. William Sulzer of New York, and provid-
ing for a general parcels service at 1c each two ounces, 8c a pound (the old parcels rate of
1874), and for a local service on the rural routes on parcels up to a pound, 1c; on larger
parcels up to 11 pounds, 5c; on parcels over 11 pounds up to 25 pounds, 10c; with the in-
surance of all mail matter. We pray for the immediate enactment of this or of a more pro-
gressive measure into law.

Very truly yours,

Name

Business.....

Address.....

MAN AND HIS WAYS.

Erasmus J. Proudfoot was the husband of a Suffragette, a fact well known
to himself and to the neighborhood in which he resided. Nobody ever had an
opportunity to forget who wore the bifurcated garment in the household. It had
been many round, pale moons since Mr. Proudfoot had been able to tear him-
self away from his fireside in the evening. Upon this eventful evening he had
decided to issue his declaration of independence.

"I will be out this evening," he remarked quite casually to Mrs. Proudfoot.
It was his plan to break the thing gently but firmly, and to stand by his colors
to the bitter end.

"Is that so?" she asked with a slight touch of polite sarcasm. "May I
ask why, pray?"

"I have a directors' meeting."

"No you have n't. Your board of directors always meets in the afternoon.
Mr. Jones told me so."

"Well—er, then, I have an old college friend from out of town, and I
promised to spend the evening with him."

"Old stuff!" snorted Mrs. Proudfoot. "You act as though I was a ten-
twent'-thirt' vaudeville audience, ready to bite on anything. If you have an old
college chum in town you can 'phone him to come up here."

"But I have got to meet our senior partner at six o'clock and go to the
train with him," said Mr. Proudfoot desperately.

"Your senior partner went away yesterday. You told me so yourself."

"Well, even at that," said he, in a final attempt to get by gracefully, "even
at that, I promised to make the fourth in a game of whist over at Mr. Pod-
snap's to-night, and I've got to go."

"Mr. and Mrs. Podsnap are up at Charlevoix, and have been there ever
since July first. Your work is really coarse, Erasmus."

"Well, you know, I never deceived you in my life, Matilda," said Mr.
Proudfoot, weakening.

"I know perfectly well that you have never deceived me, Erasmus, and you
are not deceiving me now. You had better get out your slippers and remain at
home this evening!"

And he remained.—*Boston Globe.*

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Sign at the rear of a doctor's automobile: 12784 ILL.—Chicago Tribune.

IN CHINA.

Ten little Manchus, going out to dine,
Cook slipped the prussic, and then there were nine;
Nine little Manchus, headed for a fête,
Met a bunch of rebels, and then there were eight;
Eight little Manchus—sort of royal leaven—
Palace toppled over, and then there were seven;
Seven little Manchus, using chopsticks,
Waiter swings a hatchet, and then there were six;
Six little Manchus, glad they were alive,
One of 'em was captured, making—let's see—five;
Five little Manchus locked the cellar door,
Someone found a window, and then there were four;
Four little Manchus, each on bended knee,
One was n't needed, and then there were three;
Three little Manchus, in an awful stew—
Boiling oil composed it—and then there were two;
Two little Manchus, both upon the run,
Could n't reach the fortress, and then there was one;
One little Manchu, age not far from nine,
Writing out a message, meaning "I resign."
—Denver Republican.

WHERE THE FRUIT GROWS.

Michael Casey, a politician in San Francisco who has been in office and on the city payroll for many years, was addressing a meeting of his fellow-citizens. It was a labor meeting.

"You men must know," spouted Casey, "that you are the great body politic in this city. You are the roots and trunk of our great municipal tree, while we who represent you in office are merely the branches on that magnificent tree."

"True for you, Mike," piped a man in the back of the hall, "but did ye ever notice all the fruit grows on the branches?"—Saturday Evening Post.

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

"You'll be late for supper, sonny," said a merchant, in passing a small boy who was carrying a package.

"No, I won't," was the reply. "I've got de meat."—Lippincott's.

HER CHOICE.

At the close of the divorce suit, the judge ordered that the husband should have the baby half the time.

"Good," said the wife, "he shall have him at nights."—London Opinion.

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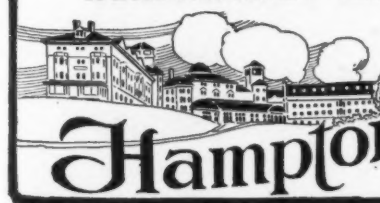
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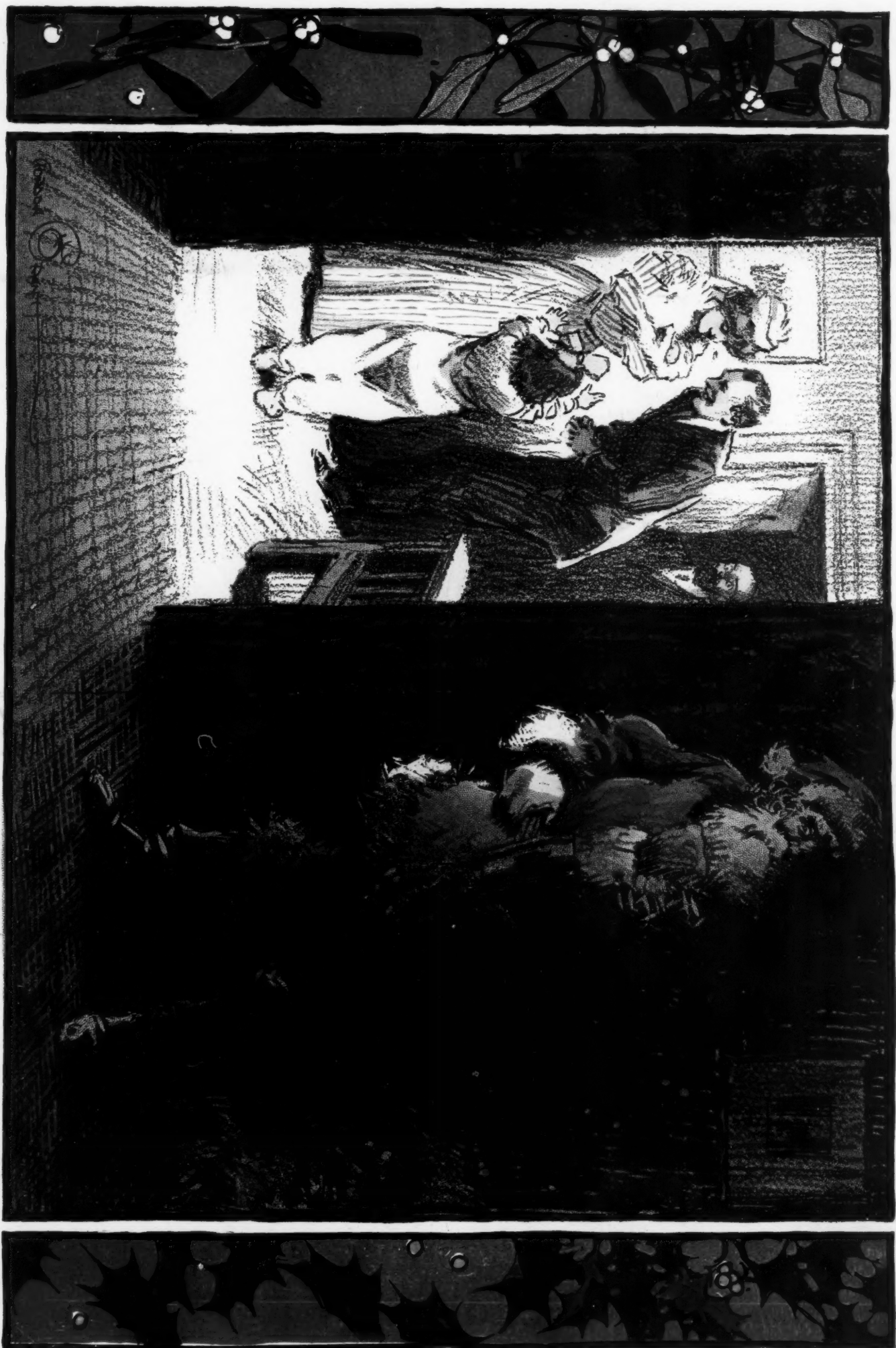
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CHRISTMAS EVE ARRIVALS.

SANTA CLAUS. — I guess *my* nose is out of joint this trip!